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Jesse

Beth Ayers

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JESSE

Beth Ayers

I like to think the best,
To listen to those who call him
Robin Hood of the West
Those who say he robbed from the rich
And gave to the poor... and he did... sometimes,
Those times when he knew who he was
Knew *where he came from*.
Could he recall his father preaching
Bible in hand?
Hear his mother's gentle voice?
Before he was sixteen.

Before he became a warrior.
Before peer pressure and the desire to survive
Turned the boy into the man and
Reconstruction turned the man into the outlaw
Who robbed from the rich.
But I like to think the best
Because my great-grandmother was a James
And some small part of the recipe for *who I am*
For the blood that flows through *my* veins
Showing where *I* come from,
I share with
Jesse.

AUTUMN IN TEXAS

Anna Boling

